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# IN MEMORIAM

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LUTHER DANA WOODBRIDGE, M. D.







*L. S. Woodbridge*

# IN MEMORIAM

LUTHER DANA WOODBRIDGE, M. D.

1899

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A FEW of those who loved the man of whom this pamphlet speaks, have thought it good to honor his memory by preserving in this form some of the tributes called forth by his death. In the following pages will be found a brief biographical notice taken from the *Springfield Republican*, the prayer offered by Rev. A. B. Bassett at the services in the house, the addresses delivered in the village church by Dr. Bascom and President Carter, an account of a memorial service held in the White Oaks Chapel, the resolutions adopted by the Faculty of Williams College, by brother physicians, and by the Temple Club of White Oaks respectively, and an expression in verse of those qualities by which his friends are glad to remember him. We are indebted to the above friends, and also to Rev. Mr. Stryker, for their kindness in furnishing the materials for this memorial.



## From the Springfield Republican

November 4, 1899

Dr. Luther Dana Woodbridge, professor of anatomy and physiology in Williams College, who also practiced his profession in Williamstown, died there yesterday at noon. The event will be a shock to the community directly interested and beyond, and will carry with it more than the usual sense of loss. Dr. Woodbridge will be greatly missed in both the town and college. His identification with both was of the sort that used to obtain in the older days of the college more than at present. The growth of the institution has more and more closely absorbed the members of the faculty in their college work, to the exclusion of intimate and helpful relationships with the town. In writing for the report of his college class in 1892, a score of years after graduation, Dr. Woodbridge said: "I am still here, closely occupied with my work, college and professional. The years have brought increase of work, and I hope, also, a stronger and more ready hand and spirit for it." That was entirely characteristic of the man. He was earnest, a thorough professional student, and an upright and useful citizen. The clear honesty of his life all men saw and respected. He was ever from his college days sedate, strong and reliable, a friend to trust in and to tie to. The value of his example in Williamstown will be appreciated more fully now that his untimely death concentrates thought upon it. Dr. Woodbridge became well known throughout Berkshire, and was a factor in the life of a county always strong in sterling manhood.

Luther Dana Woodbridge was born in Perth Amboy, N. J., December 27, 1850. He was graduated at Williams in the class of 1872, among his classmates being Prof. John E. Russell of Williams and Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall of Union Theological Seminary. Woodbridge graduated with the philosophical oration; then he taught for a year in the American College in

Constantinople, and on his return succeeded Prof. Henry W. Smith of Princeton, N. J., as physical instructor at Williams for a year. He then studied medicine and was graduated in 1887 from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city. He then did hospital work in the Roosevelt and Chambers-street Hospitals. Later he spent several years in study abroad, and in 1884 was called to Williams College and took up the practice of his profession there. He was cordially welcomed, and won and held a large and remunerative practice, becoming an important element in the local life. He was an active member of the Northern Berkshire Medical Association, and at one time its president. He also lectured on the nervous system and its diseases before the Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons. Besides his membership in the State Medical Society, Dr. Woodbridge was a member of the State Medical Society and a fellow in the American Academy of Medicine. Dr. Woodbridge identified himself with the Congregational church, and was one of its pillars. He was twice elected deacon, and from 1889-1891 he was president of the Berkshire Congregational Club. He married Miss Abby Mather, daughter of the late B. F. Mather, in 1879, and they have three children — Homer E., Benjamin M. and Elizabeth D. Dr. Woodbridge also leaves a brother, Prof. S. H. Woodbridge of the Boston Institute of Technology, who was with him as a student in Williams.

## Prayer of Rev. Austin B. Bassett

Most gracious God, our Heavenly Father, thou art our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. We come boldly unto the throne of grace, knowing that we shall obtain mercy and find grace to help in our time of need. We cast our care upon thee, who dost care for us. Thou art the strength of sufferers and the comfort of the sad. When our flesh and our hearts fail, thou art the strength of our hearts and our portion forevermore.

Unable to see far before us, we are glad to commit our way unto the Lord, for thou makest all things to work together for good to them that love thee. Thou hast taken away the strong staff and the beautiful rod. Soothe us with thy touch of compassion and sustain us with thine everlasting arms.

We would call to remembrance thy great goodness in the life of him who is asleep. We thank thee for his godly ancestry and Christian nurture; for his high aims and pure manner of life from his youth up; and for all the gain and growth, the gentleness and strength, the unfaltering faith and devoted service of his manhood.

We bless thee for the honor thou hast put upon Christian households; and for the home-life in these familiar rooms, which we have been privileged to witness or to share. To thee be our thanksgivings for the husband's steadfast love, the father's fondest care and wisest counsel, the kinsman's sympathy, the neighbor's helpfulness and the skilled physician's healing hand. Now that we see his face no more we bless thee that to our faith and hope he is alive forever, each virtue glorified and each power employed, where thy servants serve thee and thy perfect will is done in heaven.

We entreat thee, O Lord, to comfort us who mourn, suiting thy mercies to our special necessities. May thy servant now left to walk in a solitary path be daily sensible of the divine compan-

ionship. May thy grace be sufficient for all her need. Take under thy special guardianship the beloved youth of this household. Keep their feet in their father's way of godliness. May his ideals live on in them and through their willing loyalty to Christ may his prayers for them be fully answered. In this home, hallowed by prayer and consecration, do thou ever abide. May thy peace be to this house.

Wilt thou sanctify to each of us in this circle of kinship and warmest friendship the memories of the past, the quickened present sense of fellowship in the deep things of man and of God, and the discipline of the future years which are in thy hand. With the assurance of thy love do thou bind up our broken hearts, by the example of this Christ-like life do thou kindle our devotion, according to thy past faithfulness do thou order all our way, with hope's vision of the heavenly reward and reunion do thou lead us on, until for us also the day break and the shadows flee away.

And unto thee—Father of Mercies, gracious Saviour and Spirit of Comfort shall be the praise evermore. **AMEN.**

## Address by Dr. John Bascom

As neighbors, as members of the Congregational Church, as citizens of Williamstown, we have known Dr. Woodbridge in many relations for half a generation, and have found him in them all a strong, independent man, to be reckoned with and to be rested upon. The Woodbridge family dates back almost to the beginning of New England history. It has been widely scattered, especially in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and has been uniformly possessed of Puritanic characteristics and of strong social influence.

We may well have little patience with that self-indulgent temper which affects to scorn the Puritan—in whose presence it would have shrunk into cinder; or with that dilettanteism which finds, in those who were master-builders in our social, economic and civil life, occasion chiefly for destructive criticism. For one, of all the races of men that ever walked the earth, I would choose none sooner, through whom to trace my path backward, than the New England Puritan.

Dr. Woodbridge was puritanic in character. In him the New England Puritan was translated into our times without loss of the sharp, positive characteristics of his race. He was independent, full of conviction and fearless in expression. He thrust all shilly-shally, indifference and uncertainty aside, and with a steady hand laid hold of the truth as he apprehended it—the one reliable weapon of offence and defence. Nothing is to be despaired of so long as this incisive, puritanic temper is with us.

Dr. Woodbridge understood, accepted and rejoiced in the Gospel of work. He was emphatically with us as one who served. Service was no servitude, and that which tended to become servitude he readily transformed into service. He had the scorn of mere comforts which attaches to strong natures, and especially to strong spiritual natures. Such an one stoops to comforts or treads on them, as the victor gathers or tramples the

flowers strewn in his path. A pyramid of comforts, broad at the base, high in the air, a pyramid that has been made the tomb of the spirit,—how eagerly does time assail it, how quickly turn it into a dilapidated and disreputable expression of human selfishness! Dr. Woodbridge sought no soft place to sit down in, no conspicuous place to stand in, but gathering up his abundant strength pressed forward into the work of the world so clamorous on all sides for accomplishment.

Dr. Woodbridge's religious faith was of a controlling character. It was not a life-preserver, kept for a disaster; it was rather an electric belt which he buckled tight about him every morning, that he might have to the full, and expend to the full, the energy of the day in the effort of the day. His faith sprang in a living fashion out of the experience of life, and was brought back to that experience to renew it and to be renewed by it.

He was catholic in his acceptance of all forms of redemptive work, whether that of a Crusader or Salvationist, or of the well-ordered service of the church and the altar. The methods of goodness were not so much a question of taste as of efficiency. Adaptation to the wants of men was with him the ruling consideration.

In the calendar of saints in the Church of Christ in White Oaks his name stands sacred. He, more than any other man, gave embodiment and fulfillment to the vision which occupied the mind of Albert Hopkins when he established that church.

In Dr. Woodbridge we had a strong man devoting his strength to the work of the world, and gathering up that work in the kingdom of heaven. I know nothing better than this. I covet nothing higher than this.



**RESIDENCE OF DOCTOR WOODBRIDGE**





## Address by President Carter

It is a far reaching and profound loss which brings us together here to-day. No tribute of honor which we can pay to this departed brother is commensurate with the significance of such a life. The great influence for good, the influence which a noble living personality can alone exert, fails from this day to this company of mourners and to every good cause in this community, in its widest relations. The influence will surely remain as a transmitted and inherited force; but the man, the true cause, the productive generator of good deeds and pure thoughts, is to be no more with us. Let us encourage and strengthen one another by the remembrance of what he was, and by the assurance that the promise of Christ, "Because I live ye shall live also," is fulfilled in him.

From the day when Dr. Woodbridge entered college, in 1868, he seemed a model of manly vigor. An excellent gymnast, he was selected one year after graduating for the direction of our physical training. If there has been one member of the Faculty whom we for years regarded as being superior to fatigue, it was he. It has of late been known to a few that he had tendencies to a fatal disease; but, nevertheless, his familiar movement has kept its steadiness and its dignity. Solidly knit together, even in these last days, his figure would have impressed any observer as that of an athlete rather than that of an invalid. It was then an incredible story which met some of us, who had seen him a day or two before, on Friday noon, that his manly frame was prostrate in death. His physical appearance always conveyed the just impression of uncommon intellectual vigor and attainments, and he seemed to have behind him the backing of an honorable ancestry.

It will surprise few to know that he belonged to a family which furnished a graduate to the first class of Harvard College and that the family was so distinguished in those days, when the

order in the catalogue was determined by social standing, that this ancestor stands at the head of the class and so at the head of the catalogue of graduates, and for all time leads the magnificent roll comprising thousands of cultured gentlemen who have secured the honors of that institution. Equally interesting is the fact that another ancestor was one of the first eleven trustees of the second illustrious university of New England, the great Yale, a few of whose sons nursed Williams College in its infancy and gave it, from the beginning, an honorable standing before the world.

I seem to see, as at the funeral of a distinguished Roman, the line of ancestors who wait to meet this not unworthy son; and note that in intellectual power, in the majesty of righteousness, in the tenderness of sympathy, in the patience of self-sacrifice, he is not inferior to any, but perhaps the noblest Roman, the equal Christian of them all.

Not less noteworthy than his physical activity was his capacity for friendship. Not altogether easy was the path to his affection. His standard was high for himself: it was high for others. But when he once gave his confidence to a friend, there was no need for him of the advice of Polonius to Laertes,

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

There might be now and then diversity of judgment, but his friend knew that he would stand him to the last; that he would never believe, nay, that he would see through and repel with scorn the representation of whispering tongues that poison truth; and that he would boldly express his faith in the reality of the character of those to whom he had once given his love. Intensely honest himself, (the conception of the slightest deviation from truthfulness on his part probably never entered the mind of one who knew him well) he was a stranger, an enemy, to dishonest arts, and his daily life was a warm encouragement to all those who knew the rectitude and simplicity of his love. Of lively sensibilities and a keen appreciation of humor in his unrestrained moments, his companionship was delightful.

This capacity for friendship was one phase of a capacity for loyalty which permeated his entire nature. He did not commit

himself with complete loyalty to any cause in which he did not somewhere see, or think he saw, evidence of its helpful relation to the divine Master; but if that evidence was clear in a cause brought to him, with what joy and with what patience he gave his life to its support! No martyr ever went more heroically to the stake than this man went through any adversities, when the voice of God called him to a work. There was much of the Puritan in him (one might say of the obstinate Puritan), I call it the conscientious Puritan. When in college, he gave abundant evidence of this unreserved devotion to principle. I well remember how, as a Freshman, he evinced the toughest loyalty to a general though, as he later saw, mistaken movement, by which he and others thought some abuses were to be done away. But it was because even then he loved the college and believed that in some respects, as will always be true, it might more perfectly meet its end.

His career as undergraduate was an honor to his friends and an honor to the college from the beginning to the end. He was graduated in '72, and for one year he taught in Robert College in Constantinople, and has been deeply interested in the wonderful history of that college ever since. He has been earnest to have a good man go out there from each graduating class. A long line of noble graduates has gone from Williams to Robert College because of his faithful work, and because he has given to the selection and appointment of good men constant thought. Broadened by the experience of teaching Bulgarians, Armenians, and Turks, he came back here in '73 and was, as has been said already, for two years instructor of gymnastics in the college.

Then came long years of medical training. Always an excellent scholar, he easily passed to the front rank wherever he studied; in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City; in the Roosevelt Hospital; in the University at Vienna; and in the hospital at London. Just as a brilliant career seemed to be opening in a great city, by a partnership with a former preceptor, an invitation went to him to come back to his Alma Mater. He hesitated, but not long. "Where can I do the noblest service?" was the question that he always asked. He loved his Alma Mater and prized the opportunity of usefulness with her too highly to reject the call.

Those who have taken his special courses, as a preparation for medicine, knew his love for the college and for teaching, and his mastery of the subject, his ability as a lecturer, and have, as many of you know, uniformly reflected, in later professional study, great honor on the college. There will be a group in every class that has been graduated from the college since '83, who will say when they hear of his death: "He was a fine teacher. I owe him an immense debt. I thank God for what Williams College gave me through him." It was well understood that a course with him meant work; and his delight in the progress of his best students, often expressed to me, was the delight of a thorough teacher and great-hearted man. There was at times a certain ruggedness, a certain abruptness in his manner, possibly in his method; but it was because he was so deeply intent on the main thing. Minor things he made little of; but the supreme object of college life, the co-ordination of all the powers into a physical, intellectual, and spiritual manhood, rose so constantly like a majestic statue before his vision that he often saw nothing else. Those in his elective course came to know *that* before many weeks had elapsed, and knew it more and more as the year went on.

As I have already intimated, what made him love Robert College and Williams College, what made him love teaching, was his love for the divine Christ and His church. For a college with no Christ enthroned in it, he did not care. For a church that did not throb with love for the Godman, he naturally grieved. No sacrifice was too large for him to make for his Master. He was not one of those who are in an organism for what they can get out of it; who compensate themselves by doing much in an individual direction for the neglect of general and primary duties; who count it a gain whenever they can escape one of the less prescribed, but more imperative services; whose example and influence tend in college or church to moral and spiritual decay. Far from this, in his eyes the smallest duty was great; and his fidelity in that which was least measured his fidelity in that was greatest. No service was too monotonous, whether in the Sunday school in the White Oaks; in the village prayer meeting; or in the remote schoolhouse of our township, if only there was a chance to awaken or quicken a single aspira-

tion in a dull mind after a better life, or to develop a hope in any burdened soul that the Christ would come and dwell there and make it clean.

But the mission of his life was to comfort, to quicken, to heal. His great work was that of a healer, but I think it is true that in his mind the healing of the body was intimately connected with the healing of the soul. Among the lives of professional men, none comes nearer to the hearts of those whom he serves than the physician. The service of the physician is not merely the application of a trained mind to the discovery of physical lesions and infirmities, and the faithful employment of the means indicated by experience to remove these; but it is also the devotion of moral energies to the detection of temperamental defects; to the perception of tendencies to hope or fear; to the quickening of all that is best and soundest in the patient; and to the reinforcement of every well vitalized and healthy power and faculty which the affected organism contains. It is because of this latter large and important addition to all simple medical skill that the physician whose spiritual life is pure becomes a factor of immense importance in the community, a perpetual fountain of life and health. Such a man is a fine illustration of the saying of Romanes: "It is astonishing how in all the walks of life it is character that tells in the long run." Over and behind all the keenness of intellect and all mastery of the lessons of experience; over and beyond all quick discernment and the balancing of probabilities and the sure perception of the one feature that determines the case, rises steady and serene the light of a tender heart and a loving faith. It shines in the glance of the eye; it leaps from a touch of the hand; it makes the stalwart athletic frame seem as flexible and gentle as the motions of a little child. It fills the sickroom with "the light that never was on sea or land," and leaves in the responsive heart of the patient perhaps the likeliest suggestion the world ever offers of the loving Master who "went about doing good." If this supreme radiance gleams out at times and at other times is not so prominent (and what human being walking through the perplexities and collisions that beset every noble life can be always sunny? there are clouds in every career) yet, will he who has seen its glow and rejoiced in its warmth be always sure that it is in the soul,

and that on the proper occasion it will shine out again pure as the sun. As one of those who have known the glow of this extinguished life; who have stood near enough to analyze and find the seven rainbow colors that have been intertwined to make its pure white light, I may well affirm what many know, that few moments rise in memory more exalted than those when the trained physician lets forth from his soul in the intimacy of the sickroom the radiance of the divine Master.

Such a physician will always bear heavy burdens. But when he adds to the work of healing and comforting men the scientific work of medical investigation and teaching, and meets each pupil with the personal interest of a personal friend; when to all this professional toil, he adds a large perception of duties to the community, and his exacting conscience permits him to neglect no possibility of service; when the Church of Christ in all its branches, in all its enterprises and institutions holds the dominion of his affections and sends his thought to remotest lands and to humblest workers, to the lonely missionary in India or the exhausted toiler of the Salvation Army in the slums of a great city, the burdens grow numerous and heavy, as the years go on, beyond the conception of the great majority. But just in proportion as these burdens grow, the noiseless, powerful influence grows. When one thus burdened drops by the way, very many look up with wonder to see what has happened; and are startled to note how immense the service was, into how many channels and with what volume the current of that life flowed.

My friends, few of us know yet the great void this death will make in town, college, and church. We shall learn it more perfectly as we pass along, and some will perhaps soon wonder that they appreciated so little the magnitude of the service of this vanished life. What gave to him this power to bear so many burdens with such cheerfulness and even joy? It was his faith in the great realities, God, Christ the Revealer and Redeemer, immortality, the sure answer to prayer, and the ultimate victory of the right. When one laid a hand in the hand of Dr. Woodbridge, one touched a hand that had laid hold of God. When one leaned on him, one leaned on a man whose feet were firmly set on the rock foundation built by sovereign grace. His tender

pleadings in our morning chapel were the voice a child addressed to its father. The invisible realities were visible to him.

A life so pre-eminently a life of faith carries its own convincing power. It is not hard to believe, it would be hard to disbelieve that these various and vigorous activities are to have a full expression in the future. Somewhere among the "many mansions" the glory of that service, which made his life beautiful, will be renewed. We shall not hear him speak; we shall not grasp his hand; we shall not know that his immense vitality and keen intellect and loving heart and large experience and ardent devotion may come after an hour of waiting to our bedside and give us courage and hope. But we shall believe that somewhere he lives and works for those whom his great gifts and attainments can help.

Sorely, sorely, some of us will miss him. Our hearts will bleed for his devoted widow, and the children trained into godliness by true fatherhood; but we keep our faith that He, to whom he had committed his soul, will give him eternal, joyous life.

"God of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies;  
All souls are Thine; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,  
All thine, and yet most truly ours;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree,  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see,  
Where all are living unto Thee."

Loving friend, noble husband, tender father, beloved physician, Christian citizen, heroic soul, we leave thee with God.

## Memorial Service at White Oaks

The Sunday following the funeral of Dr. Woodbridge a memorial service was held at the White Oaks Chapel, where the doctor spent so much of his Christian activity. The black drapery adorning the pulpit and marking the chair usually occupied by him indicated an occasion of mourning, but the whole atmosphere of the place would have made even a stranger aware that the community had suffered some signal loss. Loving friends made every effort to be present, and the little church was filled with those who would miss his pleasant face and helpful word.

Prof. Livingstone, of Williams College, in order that the rounded and developed life of this man might be fittingly emphasized, spoke feelingly of his work as a college instructor, his thoroughness, his mastery of his subject, and his personal interest in the students under him.

Rev. W. R. Stocking, the Superintendent of the Sunday school spoke of Dr. Woodbridge as our "beloved physician, one who had to an eminent degree the gift of healing. As a doctor he was very thorough in his examination and skillful in his treatment. His ministrations were more than a mere professional call, there was a large-hearted, strong, yet very tender Christian man behind the hand that touched the fevered brow or used the sharp lancet and the needful bandage. Coming to our homes in the hour of trial and distress, his great sympathy and gentleness has won our hearts. In our Sabbath school for many years his constant presence has been a benediction and a power, and his teachings of the great truths of the Gospel have been evangelical, earnest, stimulating. We have lost a friend, a great, true-hearted friend."

Mrs. M. E. Hunter, a member of the doctor's Bible class, voiced the sentiment of the class in a tender tribute, saying in part:

His faithfulness as a teacher will never be forgotten; and





**WHITE OAKS CHAPEL**



one of the pleasant features of his long connection with the class is that it never seemed a task or an irksome duty, but always a joy. . . . Each lesson appeared to abound with practical instructions, that could be applied to our everyday needs. . . . If I were asked to give the keynote of his teachings in a single word, I think I would answer—Service. To have a listening ear to every call for service, and a heart ready to respond to these calls of God, seemed to him our great lesson. Life was not to be counted by the number of years, but by the work and usefulness crowded into those years, without reference to one's own ease and comfort. No life seemed so worthy of emulation as that which had forgotten self in the service of the master. He was always looking to and speaking of the future as a place where there was work to be done, in which he should rejoice to have a share. . . . A man of the tenderest sympathies, he endeared himself to the class as a personal friend. We consider it one of the great privileges of life to have known and claimed as a friend such a man as Dr. Woodbridge; and we feel that the greatest tribute we can pay him is to embody his teachings in our lives that they may be broader and more Christlike.

The closing address was given by Rev. G. O. Stryker, pastor of the church. He said in part:

One beautiful side of his character should be touched on, sacred as the subject is, and that is the life in the home. How he delighted in his family! How he labored for the building up of a noble character in his children! One thing that touched me deeply was his token of appreciation to this town for the education his children received at its hands, when he presented to the high school that beautiful picture upon the graduation of his son Homer, and when later, the two younger children passing from the grammar school, he gave to it, for each, a beautiful engraving. How much interest he took in the education of *our* children. If a desire for a higher education was shown, no one was more willing to exert his influence to aid in this matter.

We travel up and down our valley now upon one of the best country roads in our county. Who was it that stood up for us amidst much opposition at the last town meeting when we were urging a much needed appropriation? Our departed friend of course.

You all know how it was his best endeavor to get for us the best and most interesting speakers. None ever came to town whom he thought would interest us or be themselves interested in us, but what with some mysterious power they always were brought to us with a helpful and encouraging word. You remember hearing frequently Dr. Harry Hopkins, many mission workers, many men like Dr. Shaw of New York, Dr. Ballard, Dr. Stoddard and others.

No phase of Christian work was undertaken by the pastor but he was ready to fall in with and encourage it, even though he could not at the time see its benefits; notably was that so in the foundation of the Men's Club called "The White Oaks Temple Club," whose motto is "Faith in God, Faith in Man, Service." He was a little doubtful at first of its success, but when after organization he saw its good features, he went into it with all his enthusiasm for a good cause, and no one contributed to its success more than he did. It was his team that helped to bring over the village members; it was his voice that took an earnest part in its proceedings. The Club will never forget that night when between thirty and forty men gathered around the table, and after partaking of the supper provided, listened in the course of the evening talks to the doctor as he stood up with his face shining with the glow of interest, and told eloquently of the great part Christian education had had in the advance of civilization, and how much it was doing and has still to do, using as an illustration Robert College, which he described with a warmth and eloquence that commanded the closest attention and interest.

Many of you little know how we were helped financially by him. His subscription to the support of the preaching was liberal, and his name and influence brought many others to the aid of your preacher's support.

As a trustee of this church his work has been so quiet and unassuming that we have not realized how he was our virtual head. We, as we gather here from week to week, are simply a body of worshippers, not a corporate ecclesiastical body as most churches. And it is because of it, I believe, that we have been thus regularly permitted to worship here.

When the sainted Prof. Hopkins died he left by will all this property to the college, and the college, in order the better to

carry out Prof. Hopkins' desire, in turn had an act of legislature passed creating a board of trustees who should have the title to the property and be charged with the maintenance of religious service here. Under God's guidance our lamented friend was made one of those trustees and has ever since been the acting head. And so we in the White Oaks are given the use of a well-furnished church edifice to worship in, a good parsonage for our minister to dwell in, with no expense to us except the care of the church and the heating and lighting of it. But the temporal affairs must be cared for, the taxes paid, insurance met, repairs made, and this was all done by our lamented friend. If a new roof was needed, he under the good Lord's guidance found the man to furnish it. Yes, even when we wanted a new organ, he and his good wife found the balance of the money necessary to procure its purchase. Save Prof. Hopkins, no man has done so much for your spiritual life as Dr. Woodbridge. Who shall take his place?

## Resolutions of the College Faculty

The faculty of Williams College, realizing the great loss which has fallen upon them in the death of their colleague, Dr. Luther Dana Woodbridge, desire to express not only their deep personal grief, but also a genuine appreciation of the many qualities that made the life which is now gone out one of eminent strength and value.

Dr. Woodbridge could ill be spared; during his entire connection with the college, both as a student 30 years ago, and as a professor since 1884, he uniformly exhibited unflinching loyalty to his highest conceptions of duty and a strenuous devotion to his chosen work. His services as a teacher in his beloved *alma mater* have been of unusual influence, and his sudden removal in the midst of apparent health makes us feel all the more how remarkable were his gifts as an instructor and how thorough was the respect he commanded in all the walks of life.

His calling as a physician gave him a wide field of activity wherein he proved himself a leading authority, as well as a most sympathetic friend in ministering to the needs of human suffering. His intimate contact with the community at large has won for him a reverence in many homes, while his self-denying devotion to physical and spiritual healing in the outlying districts of the town will ever remain among the most fondly cherished traditions of the college.

In view of Dr. Woodbridge's career, so exceptionally successful in the world's recognition, and so full of good deeds whose extent can never be fully known, we as a faculty join in this brief tribute of profound respect to his memory, and we extend to the members of his family our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow, trusting that the consolation which alone upholds in times of irreparable loss may be theirs to the utmost.

## Resolutions of Brother Physicians

The Berkshire District Section of the Massachusetts Medical Society, at its meeting in Pittsfield, Dec. 28, 1899, placed upon its records an extended memorial of Dr. Woodbridge, from which the following characterization is taken :

He was a regular attendant upon the meetings of the Berkshire District Medical Society, and added greatly to their interest by his instructive addresses and his thorough and scientific methods of study. Always courteous and dignified in manner, he yet had great independence of thought and utterance ; and his fellow members could not fail to be impressed with his ability, his sincerity, and his elevated standards, both intellectual and moral. As a medical practitioner he was deservedly successful, and he was greatly beloved and respected, as he is now deeply mourned, by the whole of the highly-cultured community in which he lived. Having begun life with missionary work, he never abandoned that vocation ; but always labored zealously and effectively, for the spiritual as well as the physical welfare of his fellow men.

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Realizing the great loss to the medical profession, the church and the community by reason of the sudden death of our brother, Prof. L. D. Woodbridge, therefore be it

*Resolved:* That we, the members of the Medical Association of Northern Berkshire, make public testimonial of our appreciation of his successful career as a medical practitioner, his marked literary attainments, his high example of citizenship and sterling Christian character. Although too soon cut off, his life was so full of good deeds well done as to merit emulation.

2. Bowing with resignation to the will of God, we tender our deepest sympathy to the sorrowing family who have lost a kind, loving, Christian husband and father, commending them

for consolation to Him who doeth all things well and whose judgments are rendered in mercy.

3. A copy of these resolutions shall be spread upon the records, a copy sent to the bereaved family, and they shall be published in our city papers.

ORLANDO J. BROWN,  
F. D. STAFFORD,  
J. R. HOBBIÉ,  
Committee for the Medical Association  
of Northern Berkshire.



## Resolutions of the Temple Club

The members of the White Oaks Temple Club recognize the great loss we have sustained in the death of Dr. L. D. Woodbridge.

We desire to record our appreciation of his sterling qualities as a man who had a high ideal of life, one who most truly loved God, loved his fellow man, and to an unusual degree made his life one of service.

We shall ever remember his genial presence at our meetings, the warm, brotherly grasp of his hand, the kindly look of his eye, and the cheerful, helpful words that came from his lips.

We realize that he was indeed a brother who delighted in helping others, skillful as a physician, wise as a counselor, and true as a friend.

His example will stimulate us to a more noble and useful life, and his memory will help us better to understand the true brotherhood of mankind.

WILLIAM R. STOCKING,  
CHARLES E. MENDENHALL,  
*Committee.*

Williamstown, Dec. 4, 1899.

## De Mortuis, Bonum

There are who count their gold with loving hand,  
Noting with growing joy the yellow gleam,  
The clear imprint, the sterling worth of all.

There are whose hands are empty; gone their gold;  
And memory needs must count, and count again  
What eyes see not, what hands no more can touch.

A manly man he was, of stalwart frame,  
Deliberate, well poised, with ample powers  
That rose to meet the shock of sudden need.

A man great-hearted, ardent, vivid, pure;  
With many a tender thought and impulse keen,  
And tidal rush of feeling broad and deep.

A man for healing wise; resourceful, strong;  
Deep in the mysteries of this mortal frame;  
At home in Nature's sphere of force and law.

A man devout and prayerful, serving God;  
Loving his word and people, all his work,  
And all his workers, be they high or low.

A teacher clear and sure, with knowledge wide;  
Insistent, forceful, with a high contempt  
For men who play at work and work at play.

A citizen most loyal; strenuous, firm;  
His zeal unsparing and his purpose large,  
Responsive to each form of public good.

A champion, born for fray; ne'er turning back  
Because the strife was keen, but striking hard,  
And fighting on, though left to fight alone.

A friend he was, — how many mourn that friend,  
So steadfast, so abounding, full of cheer  
And strength and eager service of the soul.

How richly dowered he with native gifts!  
How large the place in life he made and filled!  
How sad this sudden void which Death has made!

The college and the church, the town, the hills,  
Men rich and poor, friends near and far, will feel  
In coming days a growing sense of loss.

For him the gain. Set free from bonds of flesh,  
"Rapt from the fickle and the frail," may he  
An angel strong abide with thee, O God.

S. G. B.







